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may be kept in a middle direction, ready to obey when called to act.

"The exquisite and delicate mechanism of different parts of the frame claims our highest admiration; but our wonder is greatly increased, when we consider that it performs its different functions for fifty or sixty years together, with very little diminution of its power. What hinge could the most skilful workman contrive, that might be used as often as our elbow-joint is, for so long a term, without being disordered or worn out? Have we not here a strong proof of the vast superiority of the works of God to the most ingenious contrivances of man?"

"One set of muscles enables us to move a certain part one way, and a different set enables us to move it another way. That we have the power to frown, smile, cough, breathe, to lift up or close our eye-lids, raise or bend our heads, stoop, incline to one side or the other, move our fingers or toes, raise or depress our limbs, walk or sit down, speak or sing, swallow, open or shut our mouths, or perform any action whatever, we owe to particular muscles which are appointed to set that part in motion.

"Surely no one can be acquainted with the art and wisdom so wonderfully displayed in the structure of the human body, without acknowledging that there is a God, and that the work is his: for nothing short of infinite intelligence could have produced any thing so complicated and so perfect."

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

"Dear the school-boy spot we ne'er forget,  
Although we are forgotten."—*Byron.*

##### INTRODUCTION.

Reader, have you ever, in the course of your life, felt (paradoxical as it may seem) a joyless pleasure in looking back on bygone years, and in reverie transporting yourself to those scenes in which, in days now numbered with those before the flood, with spirits buoyed with youthful enthusiasm, and unfettered by the trammels of a wearying world—ere chilling disappointment had nipped your bright and budding hopes—you have taken an active part, or at least been an anxious spectator. If you answer in the negative, then yours must be indeed an untroubled spirit. The past has been all bright—or, if sad, it has now ceased to disturb you. Your follies and your errors are forgotten, save in the recording angel's page. If you have felt as I have described, I need not further apologize for the intrusion of the following chapters. You know my feelings—you yourself have experienced them. Though joyless may be the pleasure, yet it is a pleasure, to enter once more the busy scenes of boyhood, and again to indulge in its mirth and glee. It is for this reason I write, as my tales are for the most part founded in fact, and indebted very little either to invention or imagining—indeed adhering in every respect to the strictest truth, but where, in some few instances, lest, from the recentness of the circumstances, conjecture might conduct to certainty, I have somewhat disguised facts. I trust I shall be excused using fictitious names, and omitting dates. To many, if not to all, the characters I am about to produce as boys, may appear too much men; but let them remember, that the "march of intellect" was not, at the period of which I write, such as it is now, and they who were at that time school-boys would, to the present age, partly seem men. As for the egotism of devoting my first chapter to "My Own Story," I have no excuse but my desire of introducing myself to my gentle reader.

##### CHAPTER I.—MY OWN STORY.

"Little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself."—*Shakspeare.*

I have, of course, no distinct recollection of any of the incidents attendant on my existence previous to my sixth or seventh year. I have, to be sure, a confused remembrance of facts, which now appear to me as if viewed through the clouded medium of a midnight dream. I still bear in mind the painful impression made on me by the pale and wan-like features of my dying father when bestowing his last benediction, and the flood of tears I

shed in childish sorrow, when removed from his house to that of my grandfather. My grandfather then held a high official situation under government. He was a tall, portly man; and but for a vivacious sparkle in his large grey eye, you might suppose that his years had numbered three-score and ten—taking that, however, into consideration, he might be about sixty-five. How vividly I still see him in my mind's eye, in all the freshness of reality, stalking up and down the long dining-hall, the lapels of his coat thrown back, displaying to advantage his broad and muscular chest! His eyes are fixed thoughtfully on the ground, and that expression of repelling severity, so peculiar to him, is strongly stamped on his fine though rough-cast countenance—his whole appearance bespeaks a mind far from reconciled to itself. But I must not allow imagination to carry me too far. He has long since ceased to be numbered amongst the living. Full well I remember what awe the very creak of his boot called up in my mind, when, approaching our play-room, his footsteps would echo along the narrow passage.

"Yet he was kind."

Often would he take me on his knee, and play with and caress me for hours, then roughly push me from him, and forget to notice me for days together.

I have thought it advisable to give but a hasty sketch of this the early part of my life, as likely to afford neither interest to my reader, nor pleasure to myself, but at once to push forward to the period of my introduction to the world; for such I may consider, immured as I had heretofore been, my entrance into a public boarding-school. All preliminaries being settled, at length the day arrived on which I was to take my departure from a home that, in spite of the uneven temper of my grandfather, was still dear to me. My heart was indeed full, and my trembling lip betrayed the agitation I vainly endeavoured to conceal. The school being distant but five miles from our house, our own car was ordered to carry me thither. In this I was presently seated, accompanied by my maiden aunt, whom, from not being mentioned heretofore, let not my reader suppose an inconsiderable personage. By no means; Miss Letitia Worthington was a lady who, having reached her fortieth year as an immaculate virgin, claimed, or rather demanded as her right, no ordinary proportion of respect. Whether the strictness of her celibacy entitled her to such, it not being (as I suspected) a voluntary virtue, I shall not here question. All I know is, that at that time I was somewhat jealous of paying her the full moiety of her demand, in consequence of which, as well as my having, in certain other small though not inconsiderable matters, amused myself at my dear aunt's expense, and rather think (as my sagacious reader may infer) I failed in gaining her esteem. Be this as it may, certain I am that to her I was indebted, at least in a great measure, for my introduction into the life of a boarding-school, as she never failed reminding my grandfather, at least three times a day, of the injustice he committed in detaining me at home, when I ought to be prosecuting my studies. I trust I felt, at the time, becoming gratitude for her anxiety as to my learning. I cannot, in truth, wonder at, though I may blame myself for, the great indifference with which I treated my aunt, as her appearance and manner were little calculated to obtain for her that courtesy which is ever due to the softer sex. Softer sex!—what a misnomer with regard to her! She, indeed, boasted herself on her masculine address, and, except in the management of pastry and preserves, seldom took any part in matters which are the immediate province of the ladies: but in this she took a more than ordinary pleasure. The fruit season was the only period, indeed, I ever observed her in even a tolerable humour; but then this cheerfulness partook so much of hurry, bustle, and confusion—such scouring of preserving pans, such polishing of skillets, such pounding of sugar, and such boiling of sweetmeats—that, though at the expense of my aunt's temper, I was very glad when the cookery season was ended; albeit I made reprisal of many a sweet sugar-plum, which I ever justly considered legitimate booty. But while I am thus endeavouring to convey some idea of my aunt, we have arrived at our journey's end. Having alighted, we were

presently conducted into a reception-room, fantastically hung round with "shreds and patches" of moth-eaten bed drapery. A large old-fashioned lustre was suspended from the ceiling, the bottom of which might have passed for the shield of Ajax—certainly in dimensions it was fully its equal. A long, narrow dining-table reached nearly from one end of the room to the other; for this apartment was, as I afterwards discovered, "contrived a double debt to pay." There was no carpet, but a tattered mat served partially to conceal the patched and broken floor. I had scarcely time to make these observations, when the door opened, and a figure entered, whom, under more suspicious circumstances, I might have mistaken for the ghost of my great grandfather. He was attired in a long flannel dressing-gown, spotted with black, "a world too large for his shrunken limbs." His thin and spider legs were cased in a pair of brown silk inexpressibles, which, reaching somewhat below his knee, met in their descent his worsted stockings, the colour of which it would require some ingenuity to determine. A patent leather stock and a pair of red slippers completed the dress of this modern Orbibus—the monarch of the birch—for it was no other than the redoubtable *magister* of Foxtown seminary. Having inflicted three grave salutations at the threshold, as he himself would style it, he advanced to a chair—my aunt, good woman, all the time curtseying and simpering, like an old cat about to get her morning's milk. As for my part, I stood stock-still, struck with immeasurable astonishment—"vox faucibus hæsit." At length Mr. Simon Cornelius Muny, (for that was the pedagogue's name,) taking me by the hand, questioned me as to the extent of my studies, all the time soothingly addressing me by the name of "my man," (a cognomen, by the way, which sounds more flattering in a boy's ears than any I am acquainted with.) Whether he was pleased with my answers, I know not—he certainly assumed—(assumed, I say, for he was a consummate actor)—the air of one most pleased, and seemed anxious to gain my affection; still, from an antipathy common, I believe, with boys towards the name of *school-master*, I involuntarily shrank from him, and but badly concealed my disgust, owing to which, as well as to my natural disposition, which was touchy and impatient of control, I in a short time gained the thorough hatred of "Conny," as he was nick-named, which I failed not to return with a due proportion of interest. Before my aunt took her departure, she drew the master aside, and they conversed together for some time in low whispers, but not so low as to prevent me distinguishing the words, "violent temper,"—"idle,"—"lazy,"—"must be curbed,"—"sound flogging," &c.; their eyes were frequently turned towards me; and my aunt's, I fancied, assumed a fiendish expression. I more than suspect that in that conference my name was rather freely dealt with. Miss Letitia at last (to my great relief) took her departure, and I was at once introduced to my playmates.

Mr. Muny's family consisted of himself, his wife, and her daughter by a former marriage, a lovely girl approaching her fifteenth year, the idol of her mother, whom I shall now endeavour to describe. Mrs. Muny was a little woman, about three feet five in height, and five feet three in roundity. Her chief pleasures consisted in toddling up and down the sunny walks of the garden, her little fat hands immersed in a pair of huge bags (*vulgo dictu poc-kets*) that hung suspended on each side—taking snuff—drinking brandy punch—and, though last not least, talking of her dear, dear child Lucy. Her she loved with all a mother's fond affection; for who could look on Lucy, and not love her? Her skin might rival the snow-drop, and, when contrasted with her raven hair, seemed fairer still. To a casual observer her eyes might appear dark hazel, yet they were not, nor were they the hue of a sunny sky, but the deep, dark, luscious blue that the firmament wears on a starry night. Her mouth was neither too wide, nor yet approaching to primness. Her lips, like a parted cherry, spoke in a melancholy smile, while they displayed to advantage her teeth, the smallest and whitest I have ever seen. Her figure, airy as a sylph's, was as graceful as the chamois. Such was Lucy Mervill, formed by nature to fascinate—to art she was indebted for nothing.

The school consisted of between forty and fifty boarders,

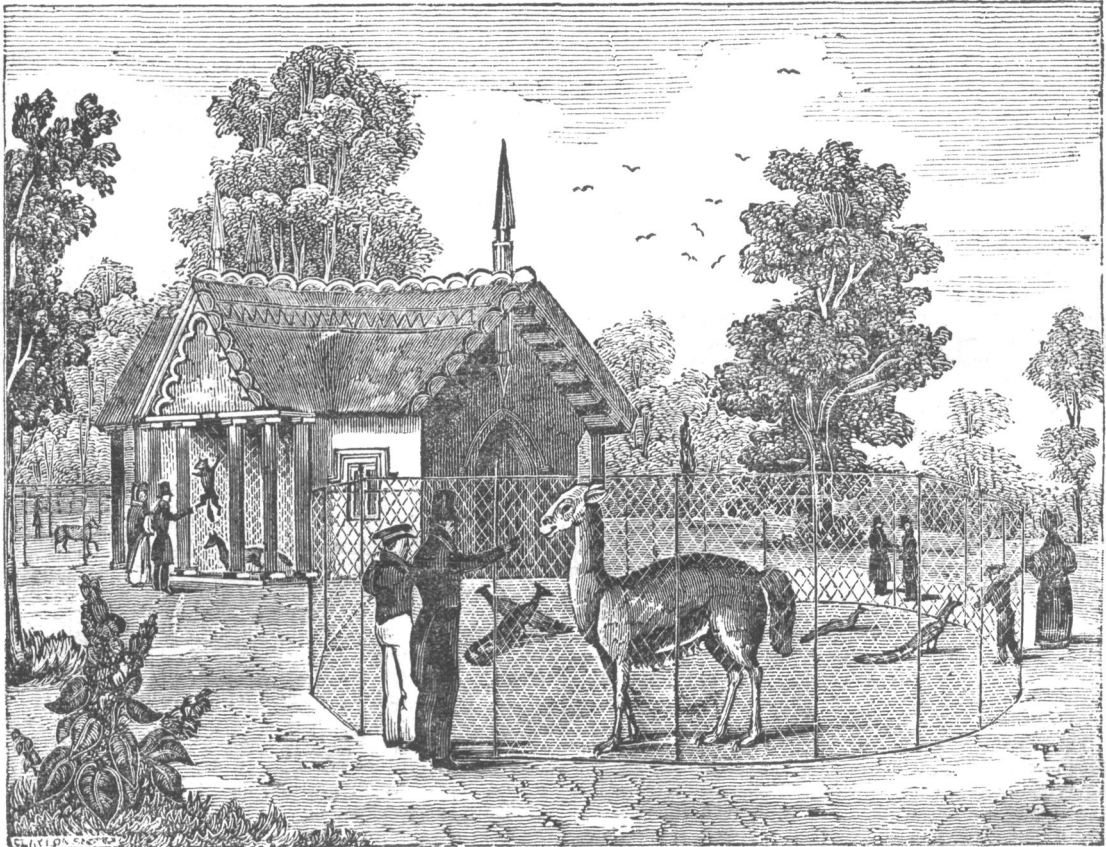
for no day-scholars were admitted; and, besides several daily assistants, there was one usher who resided in the house, and had the sole management of the boys during any casual absence of Mr. Muny. Numerous were the tricks we practised on this unfortunate man, who, from the accident of having lost one of his eyes, we surnamed Cyclops—his real name was Nelson, and indeed, in point of longitude, he might have passed for *Nelson's pillar*, for he was a good four inches above six feet—his head, not much larger than an ordinary turnip, was perched between a pair of shoulders that a Liburnian would have envied; and his long back was so strangely curved, that you might suspect he had swallowed a bent poker, though, indeed, the poor man was no way addicted to juggling. But his nose was the most peculiar feature of all. It appeared to me to be jointed, and that he had the faculty of moving and changing its position at will. I can compare it to nothing but the trunk of an elephant; and I verily believe it was a no less useful member. When puzzled, or, as we would say, "*bothered*," with any abstruse subject, he would wriggle and twist his extraordinary proboscis in a truly awful manner. Whether this motion was voluntary on his part, and excited to aid his "*mental throes*," or a mere spasmodic exertion of his nerves, I am not about to determine, though I admit it to be a question worthy of a metaphysical digression. I certainly never could summon resolution enough to ask him, who, it is likely, was the only person that could fairly decide the important question, for he was particularly sensitive about his nasal organ, and moreover had a fist that could knock down a tall man; yet, with all this, never did a more simple, honest-hearted fellow exist than Tim Nelson. He was one of the best mathematicians I ever met—no problem, no deduction, was too intricate for him to fathom. His whole delight seemed concentrated in resolving questions that to an ordinary capacity seemed inexplicable; and with a perverseness that was extraordinary, he would choose the most unseasonable times and places for prosecuting his studies. I myself have seen him, on an occasion when an entertainment was given at the school, regardless and seemingly unconscious of the "gay and festive scene" before him, poring over one of Sir Isaac Newton's algebraical problems. I touched him on the shoulder, and reminded him where he was; for a moment or two he seemed bewildered; he then smiled at his own absence, and for that time laid aside his employment. I mention this anecdote, merely to illustrate the all-absorbing pleasure this man took in studies the most abstruse and uninteresting. Poor fellow! his unremitting application destroyed him. He fell into a rapid decline about twelve months after I had left the school, and, after enduring six weeks of continued agony, he breathed his last. As soon as I heard of his illness, I went to see him. Nothing could exceed his gratitude: on my rising to depart, he placed a small silver-mounted compass in my hand—"Take this," said he, "and when you look on it, it may, perhaps, remind you both of me, and of what killed me. Go, go—God bless you!—I am too weak to say more." His gift this moment lies before me; and the time at which I received it appears to me but as yesterday, though years, many years, have passed since then.

I remained about six years in Foxtown seminary, during which stay I had an opportunity of witnessing most of the events comprised in the following tales—of little interest, to be sure; but should they have the good fortune to amuse a few idle hours, I am amply repaid. What caused my removal, I shall now relate in as few words as possible.

A lad of the name of Hervey had lately come to the school. He was an only son of a largely-estated gentleman in the north of Ireland; and being of a naturally delicate constitution, he had been freely indulged in every wish, however extravagant. The consequence was, he had grown up proud, insolent, and uncontrollable. Being liberally paid for, he naturally became a favourite with Conny, who never regarded a well-filled purse as "trash;" and so, to offend Master Hervey was considered in about as heinous a light as sacrilege, or as putting a hair in the master's cane. There was another lad who had made his "*entrée*" about the same time as myself. Charles Lee and I were what are commonly called *cronies*—yet no two

ever quarrelled more. With as noble a heart as ever beat in bosom, Charley was hot and revengeful; and as he never was one who calculated on the consequences of an act, it was not likely he should submit to Willy Hervey, favourite as he was, giving him the lie to his face, which he did one afternoon as they quarrelled about some trifle not worth mentioning. Accordingly, without any further consideration, he struck him a violent blow in the face. Astonishment, I think, was the first feeling that possessed Hervey at the little ceremony he had been treated with. He was not long, however, in collecting his scattered senses, and reporting the whole affair, wofully exaggerated. Nothing could exceed Conny's rage. He refused to listen to any thing, and at once sentenced poor Charley to a flogging. In vain the culprit urged the provocation he had received—Muny was deaf to his defence. The truth was, he had a long score against him, which he wished much to have cleared. At length Charley, finding his appeal was vain, and that, birch in hand, Muny was about to put his threat in execution, seized a leaden ink-bottle that accidentally stood near, and flung it with all his force at

the pedagogue's head. Fortunately for him, Charley was what might be technically called a "*bad shot*;" and instead of splitting Conny's head, as he had intended, the leaden engine came in contact with the corner of a desk, and bounding in a tangent from that, struck poor Nelson's nose, which just at that time was wriggling in a more violent degree than ordinary, he being engaged in calculating the value of  $+x-x$  produced to eternity. Without waiting to apologize for the mischief he had involuntarily committed, Charley snatched his hat from the rack, and was preparing to make his escape; but fate ordained it otherwise—in his haste he tripped, and tumbled down the flight of stairs that led from the school-room. Though not materially hurt, he was stunned by the fall, and, before he could recover himself, was captured, and received a most severe castigation, as a warning against drubbing favourites, and discharging leaden ink-bottles. I really was so disgusted with the whole affair, that the following morning, having previously written to my grandfather, and without taking leave, as I hate ceremony, I bade adieu for ever to Foxtown seminary. F. W.



LAMAS.—VIEW IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

#### THE LAMA.

This animal stands high upon its legs, has a long neck, a small head, and resembles the camel, not only in its natural mildness, but its aptitude for servitude, its moderation, and its patience. The Americans early found out its useful qualities, and availed themselves of its labours: like the camel, it serves to carry goods over places inaccessible to other beasts of burden; like that animal, it is obedient to its driver, and often dies under, but never resists his cruelty.

Of the lamas, some are white, others black, but they are mostly brown; the face resembles that of the camel, and the height is about equal to that of an ass. They are not found in the ancient continent, but entirely belong to the new; nor are they found spread over all America, but are found chiefly upon those mountains that stretch

from New Spain to the Straits of Magellan. They inhabit the highest regions of the globe, and seem to require purer air than animals occupying a lower situation. Peru seems to be the place where they are found in greatest plenty. They go but slowly—seldom above fifteen miles a day; their tread is heavy, but sure; they descend precipices, and find footing among the most craggy rocks, where even men can scarcely accompany them. They are, however, but feeble animals, and, after four or five days' labour, they are obliged to repose for a day or two.

The lama is above three feet high, and the neck is three feet long; the head is small and well proportioned, the eyes large, the nose long, the lips thick, the upper divided, and the lower a little depending; like all those animals that feed upon grass, it wants the upper cutting teeth; the ears are four inches long, and move with great agility; the tail is but five inches long—it is small, straight, and a